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FROM NOON — 18YRS — SIX WOMEN — The Sensual Girls — Sensual 12:20-3:05-6:00-8:40 — Women 1:30-4:15-7:05-9:45 — CINEMA CLAUSSY — 4206 ST-LAURENT — 849-9411

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Chinese not amused by French film

PARIS — (UPI) — The Chinese apparently are not amused by the latest French comedy film.

The Chinese embassy has said Sino-French relations have taken a "very serious" turn because the film, Les Chinois a Paris (The Chinese in Paris) — "ridiculed" and "calumnied" the Red Army.

The comedy, opening tomorrow, shows the Chinese Army invading Paris.

It is "an unacceptable parallel between Socialist China and Fascist Germany," said a spokesman for Chinese ambassador Tseng Tao.

The spokesman warned that "this is an affair very serious for relations between our two countries. The (French government must not ignore the consequences this could have on the relations of our two countries."

French radio said China had cancelled a French exposition scheduled to open in Peking this year.

The Chinese in Paris was made by Jean Yanne despite objections from the French Chinese Friendship Association in Paris.

"The Chinese People's Army is ridiculed, calumnied. The modern theater whose works are the fruit of the cultural revolution is equally held up to derision," the spokesman said.

The Paris newspaper Nation commented that comedy director Yanne "at last has found somebody to take him seriously — the Chinese government. Actually it's the French who should be indignant. In this parody of the German occupation it's the French who appear shabby."

Royal Winnipeg names new general manager

WINNIPEG — (CP) — Jim Cameron, the director of programming at Niagara International Centre Ltd., has been appointed general manager of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

The appointment, effective March 18, was announced today by Prof. John W. Graham, president of the company. Mr. Cameron succeeds Robert E. Dubberley, who resigned recently.

It also was announced that Peter Hawkins, company manager, assumes the position of assistant general manager March 18.

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Claire Gagne, Yolande Guerard, Robert Savoie and Bruno Laplante

L'Opera du Quebec presents an acceptable Don Giovanni

Music — By Jacob Siskind

Mozart's Don Giovanni is undoubtedly one of the greatest operas ever composed, if not indeed the very greatest of them all. It is one of those incredible masterpieces in which all of the elements of which opera consists are united in a blend

There is humor, sentiment, passion, murder, love, lust, drama, melodrama and there is some of the most magnificent music ever composed.

Don Giovanni is one of those rare works in which there are no musical weak spots. Every aria, every ensemble is an incredible combination of musical and dramatic truth. Even the tenor arias, the weakest links in the opera, are gems of a kind unequalled in the operatic repertoire.

It was courageous of L'Opera du Quebec to tackle this classic and the results last night, despite a flood of flaws and hitches, were evidence that this company can take on the great masterworks in the repertoire and emerge with some distinction.

Certainly the production seen last night had a great deal more dramatic content and a much more vibrant musical pulse than that mounted at the National Arts Centre that is very close to ideal, last year. The sets and costumes may have been the same (L'Opera du Quebec borrowed those of the NAC designed by Robert Prevost for this production) but there the resemblance ended.

Nicola Rescigno took the opera at a leisurely pace but he never allowed the tension in the music to sag. From the very first measures of the overture it was apparent that this was to be a Don Giovanni of considerable impact and the orchestra never let the composer down.

The playing throughout the evening had a feeling of involvement that was heavy at too rarely is performances of the music of Mozart and it was good to hear this score treated with the solidity it demands. This was no porcelaine china Mozart.

The Chorus has comparatively little to do in this opera, but it had obviously been, correctly prepared. The ensemble was good and the sounds produced were always in keeping with the character of the music.

The production was under the direction of Carlo Maestrini whose previous contributions to opera in this city have been confined to the Italian repertoire. Last night it was obvious that he knows his Mozart scores as well as his Verdi and Puccini.

THE PRODUCTION

There were, as always, humdrels of details, details that one notices if one has looked at the score even superficially, but there were almost always details that added to the enjoyment of the score. When, for example, Zerlina was comforting little Masetto after he had been given a beating, his feet shivered in ecstasy not in time with her soothing pats but in tandem with the tremolos in the orchestra. It was an amusing touch and a nice bit of irony.

Of course there were the usual opening night mishaps but these will undoubtedly be worked out when the stage hands become accustomed to the sets and the singers learn to keep the folds of their costumes out of the cracks in the props.

THE SINGERS

Vocally the production was quite impressive. The three female parts in the cast, Donna Anna, Donna Elvira and Zerlina were all sung with intelligence and zest. Clarice Carson's voice does not quite have the flexibility that Mozart demands of his singers, but she does have the dramatic sense to make her impersonation of Donna Anna, the girl whose father is murdered by Don Giovanni, one of the most believable I have ever seen. And she sang her taxing first aria with great distinction.

Tatiana Troyanos has a voice that is far more ample than one usually hears in the role of Donna Elvira. Last night she was able to give the sound an edge that made her impersonation vividly real. It isn't often that a singer is prepared to sacrifice the beauty of her voice in order to make a character more believable and Miss Troyanos must be congratulated on her artistic integrity. After only a few measures of her opening aria one could understand why Don Giovanni avoided her so assiduously.

Claire Gagnier's small but perfectly focused voice was ideal for the role of Zerlina, the little peasant girl who attracts the attention of the Don. She sang with charm and accuracy and I wished only that her voice were just a little bigger. But what a sense of style!

THE MEN

Pierre Duval turned in one of the best performances I have ever heard from him as Don Ottavio, the thankless tenor role that Mozart grafted into the opera. His two arias were sung with great warmth and with a degree of breath control that was quite remarkable. I could have done with fewer pauses and less rubato, but that I suppose is a matter of taste.

Bruno Laplante's Masetto was a pleasant vignette, one that is still a little unformed, but always interesting musically if not dramatically. Joseph Rouleau's Commendatore was impressive, as is everything this artist does.

Robert Savoie played Leporello as though he had done the role 1001 times before. He moves with ease and authority that are always astonishing and last night he did him not.

Which brings us to the title role. Yoland Gaerard sang the role of Don Giovanni in a Montreal Festivals production in 1967. In the intervening years he has grown to fit the part far more comfortably. Indeed this was in many ways a very satisfying impersonation.

This Don is far more suave, more mature than that earlier performance. There is less crudity, visually and musically. If the interpretation misses being great it is probably because Gaerard has simply not sung the part often enough in the past 17 years to really grow into it. But the performance is more than acceptable.

There are many things in the present production that I do not like, but many of them were inherited with the sets and props that came from Ottawa.

On the whole this is a show that can be recommended.

Forum packed

Yes, rock has come to this

By BILL MANN of The Gazette

If Peanuts and Charley Brown are art to a lot of people, then Yes is rock and roll to the same people.

Actually, Yes is the antithesis of rock 'n' roll: soft, cuddly, intricious. The old Elvis Presley would have treaded if he had heard Yes and vaculist Jon Anderson (group founder) called "a rock singer."

"Well, you gotta admit," long-time progressive DJ and music student Angus Mackay was saying at the jam-packed Forum last night. "They're the best of the whole bunch — Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Genesis, and the like." But the best of WHAT? Pretentious rock? Sublimated bubble gum music?

A few years ago, when kids first started getting high (a lot (there were 20 arrests for pot at last night's show, MUC police admitted, an unusually high figure for the normally bust-free Forum), they'd listen to The Beatles or Stones. Today, in Montreal at least, it's Yes, and, yes, their music is as wimpy as their name, and Anderson's vocals have about as much clout as Tiny Tim's. And bassist Chris Squire's lines, if distinctive, are so insipid they sound like they're coming from a clarinet. They're born . . . sotheric.

I would prefer to think that Yes is a mutation of rock rather than a descendant of it. Richard Meltzer, one of the founders of the New Journalism and one of the world's most respected rock-scene reporters, took a look at the elaborate props on stage for last night's show and just laughed. It's come a long way indeed from Buddy Holly . . .

Keyboard man Rick Wakeman, who noodles around a lot on moog and mellotron and the lot (and never misses a note!), is the superstar of the group and came on stage in a dazzling golden cloak last night; drummer Alan White's kit was, it appeared, set up inside some kind of elaborate gazebo. When a silver disk over the stage suddenly reflected tiny fingers of light, everyone oh'd as expected ("Far out, man"). And the whole evening was just one big brain message. It had precious little to do with consequential music and even far less to do with rock 'n' roll. It had a lot to do with pretentiousness and the gullibility of the mass record-buying audience.

(And, as a note of interest, Yes is on, of all things, Atlantic Records, once the back home of black music.)

Yes got its first big break in England a few years ago when Sly and The Family Stone failed to show one night (you can see a break like that coming . . .)

Since then, they've racked up huge record sales with double and triple albums and their fans would buy four and five-record sets if they could get 'em! They're huge in Montreal, and that's why the massive crowd last night.

It appeared as if the first act, respected singer-songwriter John Martyn, was walking into the lion's den. One man with acoustic guitar in front of 19,000 rock-crazed kids?

But Martyn, using an excellent sound mixer and tape-delay system, astounded just about everybody with an excellent show of eerie, spacey guitar effects. He should have done an encore, but didn't; he was warmly received.

Yes closed off with their Top 40 biggie, Roundabout, for an encore. They brought the place down.

Yes keyboard man Rick Wakeman

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